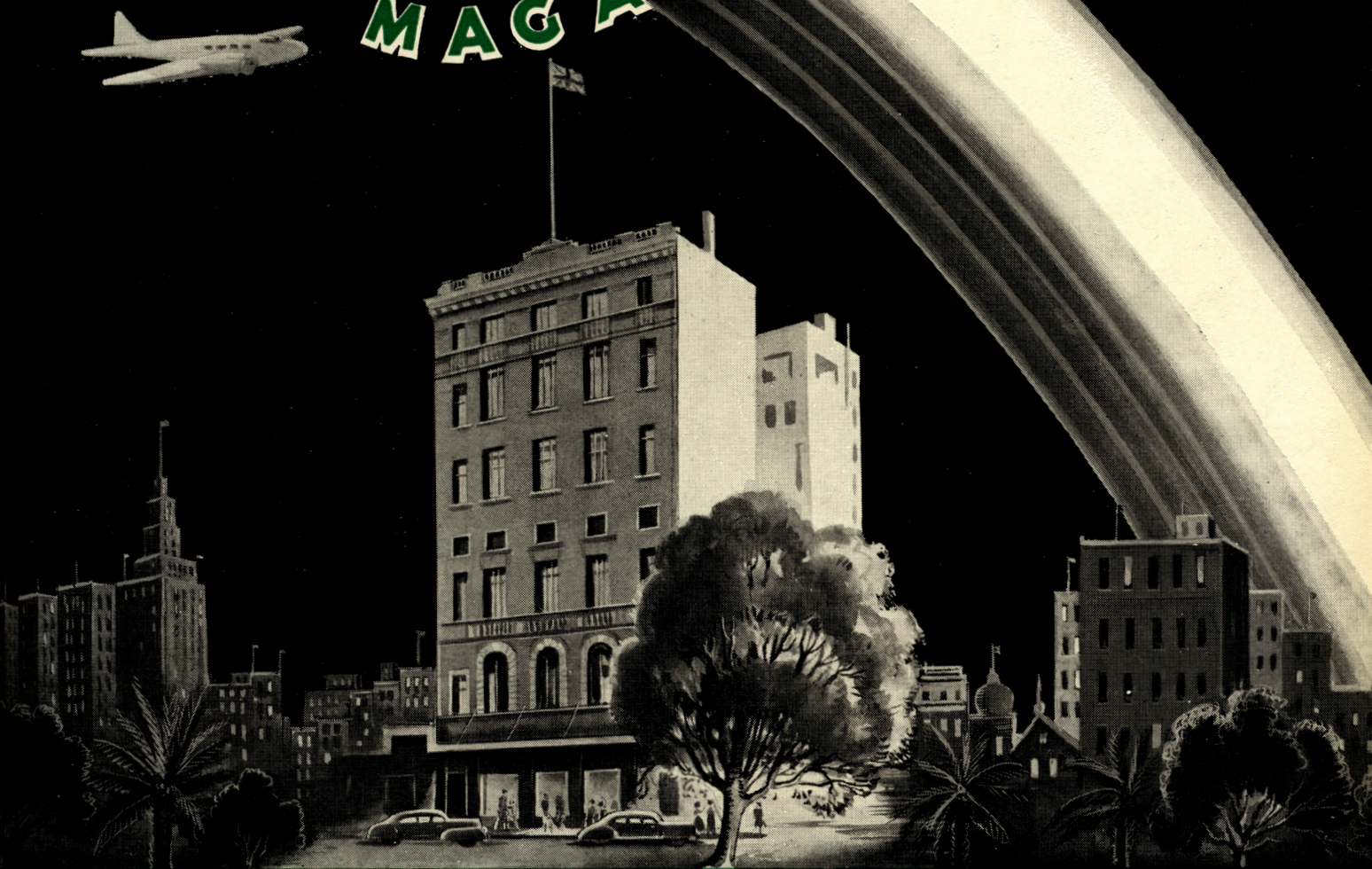
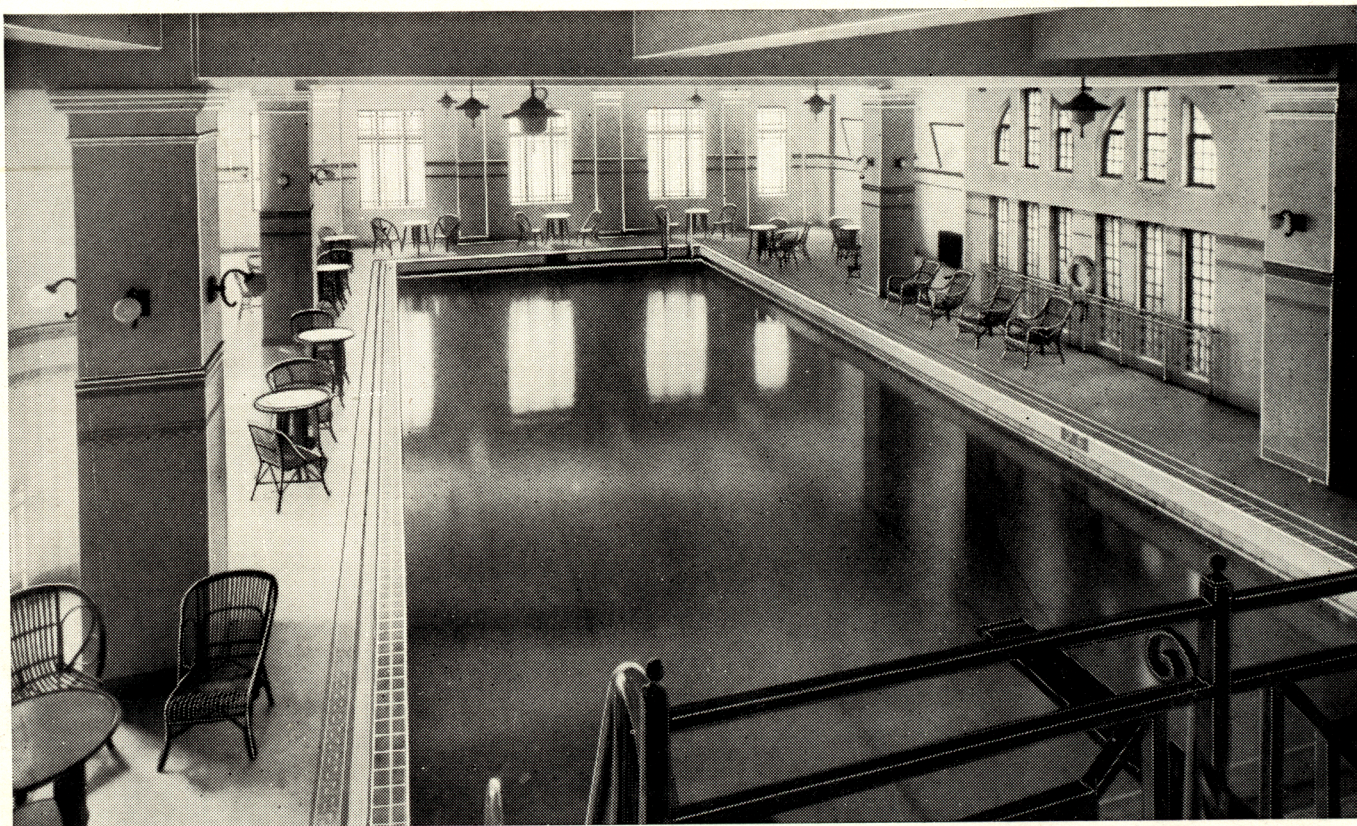


TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY



THE CLUB SWIMMING POOL.
(Third Floor)
THE ONLY ELEVATED SWIMMING POOL IN AUSTRALIA.

WHY SPORT IS WORTHWHILE

THE SEASONS change, but the sporting fields are evergreen. This is so because the spectacle is ever-present, an unbroken sequence of events, a pageantry taking on colour in sections as each pastime comes closer into the picture.

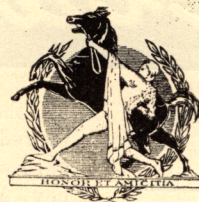
Cricket has faded here, but has reappeared in England, dressed in garlands. For us to lose sight of the spectacle is not to abandon interest. Football, which has bounced from the wings to the stage centre, will claim our interest, but not exclusively. Racing suffers no seasonal eclipse. It completes the arc without forfeiting brilliance—a constant glow, unaffected, as are other pastimes, by the influences of waxing and waning as the seasons change.

Is all this good for the people, for the country? The answer depends on the viewpoint—and surely there is nothing more variable or vexing. Some claim that sport is being over-done, that there is danger of its invading the working hours to the detriment of production.

This is a view that should not be dismissed lightly, but should be rather accepted as a challenge. There is no logic in wrong-headedness, and wrong-headedness is to rule out that which does not concede any section what it wants, and all it wants, irrespective of the feelings and the rights of others. There are some people like that, but they are a minority.

The balanced judgment is that sport, commercialised or played as a pastime, provides the people with so much, and no more, diversion from the drab workaday life as is requisite for their well-being.

Sport does not, and should not, interfere unduly with industry. The time allotted sport in the general scheme of things is not excessive. Sport is not over-commercialised in any department. It is the answer to the problem of employing leisure profitably in terms of the human compensations.



Established 14th May, 1858.

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SAN DIEGO CLUB San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.
ARCTIC CLUB Seattle

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

JUNE.

1st I. Green	17th Dr. J. C. Bell
Norman Barrell	Allen
S. E. Armstrong	P. P. Hassett
2nd G. B. Murtough	18th R. A. Cullen-
5th F. A. Comins	Ward
7th H. J. Robertson	19th N. Schureck
8th R. M. Colechin	Neil McKenna
9th S. Baker	20th F. G. Under-
11th C. E. Young	wood
14th S. E. Thomas	C. R. Cornwell
15th J. L. Ruthven	29th A. J. Genge
16th Frank E. Shep-	C. A. Shepherd
herd	

JULY.

5th Dr. W. McDon-	17th L. Mitchell
nell Kelly	19th A. H. Stocks
6th J. B. Moran	21st G. F. Wilson
8th C. F. Horley	27th J. Colquhoun
11th I. E. Ives	28th L. J. Maidment
13th F. C. Belot	C. B. R. Lawler
15th W. M. Gollan	30th Robert Mead
R. C. Chapple	31st H. Webster

LLEFT for England: Walter Cavill and Dave Tarrant.

RETURNED from America: Jack Shaw who had made a visit with his wife, an American girl.

LONG life and happiness were the wishes of club friends conveyed to Arthur Ingham on his marriage this month.

BASIL WILSON won the cup for the most successful competitor at the Sheep Show.

CONGRATULATIONS to D. G. Collins on becoming a father for the first time and to his father, Alf Collins, on attaining the status of grandfather. On the day that the granddaughter arrived, Alf acted as godfather to the son of Morris Perrson.

THE 'flu bowled over Jack Wyatt, only for one day, but it was remarkable how many missed him from his accustomed corner in the club room.

AMONG visitors to the club this month was Jim Donald, captain

of the "All Blacks" team which played here in 1925. He came across this time to judge the Romney Marsh section at the Sheep Show.

STRATH PLAYFAIR has received many congratulations on his election to the A.J.C. Committee.

FIRST day of the A.J.C. Winter meeting might have been called Ladies' Day. The following ladies appeared in the ranks of owners, solely or in partnership: Mesdames A. V. Dwyer, A. J. Campbell, J. H. Ward, T. Powell, W. R. Clark, George Francis, D. M. Allen, E. J. Morgan, William Adams, H. Field, H. Field, Jr., J. Ferguson, E. Baker, Geoffrey Armstrong, A. Fuller, J. Daniels, M. Thomas, M. Harnett, Allan Toohey, S. and V. Plotkin, A. Bowler, C. Miley, J. Montgomery, R. E. Eastway, A. V. Meehan, M. Walters, M. Joseph, B. Joseph, G. C. A. Bernays, N. S. Cohen and Miss J. M. Reynolds.

MR. JONES was visibly undone as he staggered into the locker room. "What's the matter, old boy?" asked the pro-sympathetic ally. "I just killed my wife, that's what's the matter," said Mr. Jones. "Good Grief, how did you do that?"

"I was on the practice tee and didn't see her coming up behind me. I took a back swing and hit her on the head. She dropped dead."

"That's tough," said the pro. "What club were you using?"

"The niblick," said Mr. Jones. "That's the club," said the pro.

ONE A MINUTE.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM was the biggest faker in American history, but he couldn't protect himself. He called himself the Prince of Humbugs, yet as a young man he invested all the money he owned,

2,500 dollars, in a bear grease company.

His partner pocketed the money, fled to Europe, and left the great showman with a baldness cure. He used to lecture on "How To Make Money," but he was swindled very completely by a flock of agents he hired to sell illustrated Bibles. He ploughed a field on his farm at Connecticut 50 times in one summer—using an elephant guided by a mahout in bright-coloured overalls.

The publicity was sheer genius—but he lost half a million dollars in clock-making and bought a patented fire extinguisher that wouldn't extinguish. He was including himself when he said: "There's a sucker born every minute."

DEATHS.

J. K. SCHARTL,
Elected 20/3/39.
Died 10/5/48.

RICHARD COBDEN,
Elected 27/4/26.
Died 10/5/48.

DARCY V. RYAN.
Elected 18/3/35.
Died 16/5/48.

SOL GREEN.
Elected 30/9/98.
Died 11/5/48.

JAMES HAWTHORNE.
Elected 23/8/37.
Died 4/7/47.

S. H. J. GORDON.
Elected 22/1/40.
Died 29/5/48.

C. L. MALLEY,
Elected 6/2/28.
Died 30/5/48.

J. H. DAVIS.
Elected 23/5/38.
Died 30/5/48.

Election of Officers for 1848-49

The Annual Meeting and election of Officers for 1948-49 took place on Wednesday, June 9. Result of the ballots were as follow:—

CHAIRMAN

*Chatterton, S. E. (Retiring Chairman)	696
Craig, D. A.	448

COMMITTEE

(Eight to be Elected)

Bristow, E. E.	335
*Carberry, F. J.	799
*Chiene, Geo. P.	815
*Collins, A. G.	606

Digby, W. G.	298
Downing, T. D.	370
Hidden, F. C.	518
Hughes, J. L.	393
Hutchinson, Ralph	282
Jacobs, F. M.	145
*Matthews, A. J.	695
Miller, A. V.	413
*Moore, G. J. C.	766
*Roles, J. A.	692
Sellen, W. H.	465
*Underwood, F. G.	631
*Wilson, D.	705
*Denotes Elected.	

The Treasurer, Mr. John Hickey, was unopposed.

EPIC IN LACE.

SIX old men of Nottingham's lace industry, who among them muster nearly 400 years of craftsmanship, are at work on a job they unanimously believe is the greatest they have ever tackled separately or together—the production of 36 15-foot lace panels commemorating the Battle of Britain. There was a seventh, Mr. J. W. Herod, when the work began in 1944. He died when only half the draughtboard studies had been completed.

This shows the immensity of the Warragamba gorge across which will be built the wall to impound Sydney's main water supply of the future. The water will reach back 36 miles. The weir already across the river was built to meet the emergency during the later stages of the 1934-42 drought. The pumping station is on the left. This block, together with others appearing in this issue were kindly loaned by the M.W.S. & D. Board.



Referees' Lot Not Happy

Football fans who visit North Sydney Oval this season will note how players and referees now enter the field of play through tunnels, and do not come in contact with spectators. In the past there have been occasions—isolated fortunately—of referees being molested by irate onlookers but, by comparison with oversea officials, it would seem our "Men of the Whistle" are on velvet. Read what Bernard McElwaine had to say on the subject recently in the "News Chronicle."

IN the next few days some brave and adventurous spirits will discuss with the Football Association the little matter of going out to the Argentine to referee. I say "brave and adventurous" because referees in the bully-beef republic fall into the same class of insurance risks as jittery acrobats, lion tamers, and others dangerously occupied.

This point of view is dismissed with a polite wave of the hand by Senor Manuel Gonzalez, who is here to persuade British referees to go out and teach the local whistlers how to do it.

The senor suggests that tales of violence are exaggerated. Even so I expect the senor to have the same success with his campaign as a Foreign Legion recruiting sergeant would have.

In case men can be found to face the full fury of thousands of growling gauchos perhaps slightly inflamed with chile con carne, team-spirit and tequila. I suggest they include in their wardrobe a reinforced diving-suit tested to withstand a bottle flung from 30 yards. Another item recommended is a small armoured car to take the tired referee home after the match.

I had a chat with Col. C. D. Crisp, O.B.E., who went out to South America with the Chelsea side in 1929. The colonel, an F.A. councillor, and almost non-stop Mayor of Lewes for many years, said the unhappy local referees out there were not paid when the home team lost.

He also referred to the safety-first practice of putting the spectators behind barbed wire. "But I expect all that is changed now," he concluded. I thought I detected an over-optimistic note in his voice.

If I were sending referees out to some of the more excitable countries I certainly wouldn't waste my money on buying them return tickets.

* * *

Now going abroad to coach is another matter. The F.A. are ad-

vertising good posts in Italy, Finland and Hungary. Two attractive vacancies have already been filled.

One, to coach the Danish Olympic team, goes to E. Magner. The other, a £100 a month job in Turkey, has fallen to Peter Molloy, former Cardiff, Fulham and Q.P.R. player, who leaves on Sunday.

Charlie Slade, half-back with Huddersfield's Cup-winning team in 1922, and now coach with Aldershot, has spent 16 years coaching abroad in Spain, Belgium, Turkey, Sweden and Central America. He warns others not to stay away too long, and to beware of the job becoming a dead end.

Charles had some thrilling experiences in San Salvador. "Once when I was refereeing a game between two coffee plantation teams I was handed a whistle, a watch as big as a frying-pan and, just before going on to the pitch, an official passed me a belt complete with holsters and two six-shooters," recalled Charlie.

"What's this for?" asked Charlie, "have the players got knives hidden in their jerseys?" The official bowed and said: "You need not worry about the players, Senor, it is the spectators who become violent."

Slade refused to dress like Buffalo Bill, and the sight of an unarmed referee absolutely demoralised the crowd. They didn't even have strength left to throw a peanut shell.

THERE is no such thing as a dangerous woman; there are only susceptible men.

* * *

ON one issue at least, men and women agree: they both distrust women.

* * *

A WOMAN means by unselfishness chiefly taking trouble for others; a man means not giving trouble to others. Thus each sex regards the other as radically selfish.

MAN BITES DOG?

American scientists announce the discovery of fossil remains of Hadrosaurus, 60-million-year-old duck-billed Dinosaur.

(News item.)

Sixty million years ago
Hadrosaurus had his hour;
Nature shelved her Plan—and so:
"Man discovers Dinosaur!"
Sixty million years, indeed!
Should the atom run to plan,
Hadro-sapiens yet may read:
"Dinosaur discovers Man!"

Our Bowls Club Formed.

Tattersall's Club Bowling Club, mooted in back issues, is now a firmly established unit in members' amenities.

On May 20, a meeting was convened and the following officers elected: Patron, Mr. S. E. Chatterton; President, Mr. J. A. Roles; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. E. G. Dewdney, C. E. Young; Committee, Messrs. C. L. Davis, H. Hill, E. F. Kreiger and E. C. Murray. Hon. Sec., Mr. Gordon Booth.

Objects of the unit are to develop the game of bowls among members and to eventually acquire the Club's own green.

In the meantime, several bowling clubs have offered their greens for social games, while Double Bay Bowling Club has made a green available on Thursday afternoons.

First "roll up" took place on June 3 with 20 players plus a few members as onlookers. A most pleasing feature of proceedings was the extremely cordial manner in which members of Double Bay welcomed our players and the new idea.

During a hearty address of welcome by President Al Mahony our Club was invited to make Double Bay its Home Green.

A programme is being drawn up and will be displayed on a special Bowls Notice Board in our Club premises.

The Official Opening was held on June 13 when seven rinks representing Tattersall's Club opposed Double Bay. Scores at the end were Double Bay 138, Tattersall's 134—a result which augers well for many happy days to come.

The Man of the Month

Tattersall's is a club with many members of long standing. One of them is Chris O'Rourke, who has enjoyed membership for about 20 years. Retaining membership over more than two decades is both a privilege and an honour. Of course, there are others with much longer membership records.

CHRIS'S familiar racing colours, red, white braces, and red cap, were most prominent on the old pony tracks on which he trained hundreds of winners. Majority of his ponies carried No. 1 saddlecloth.

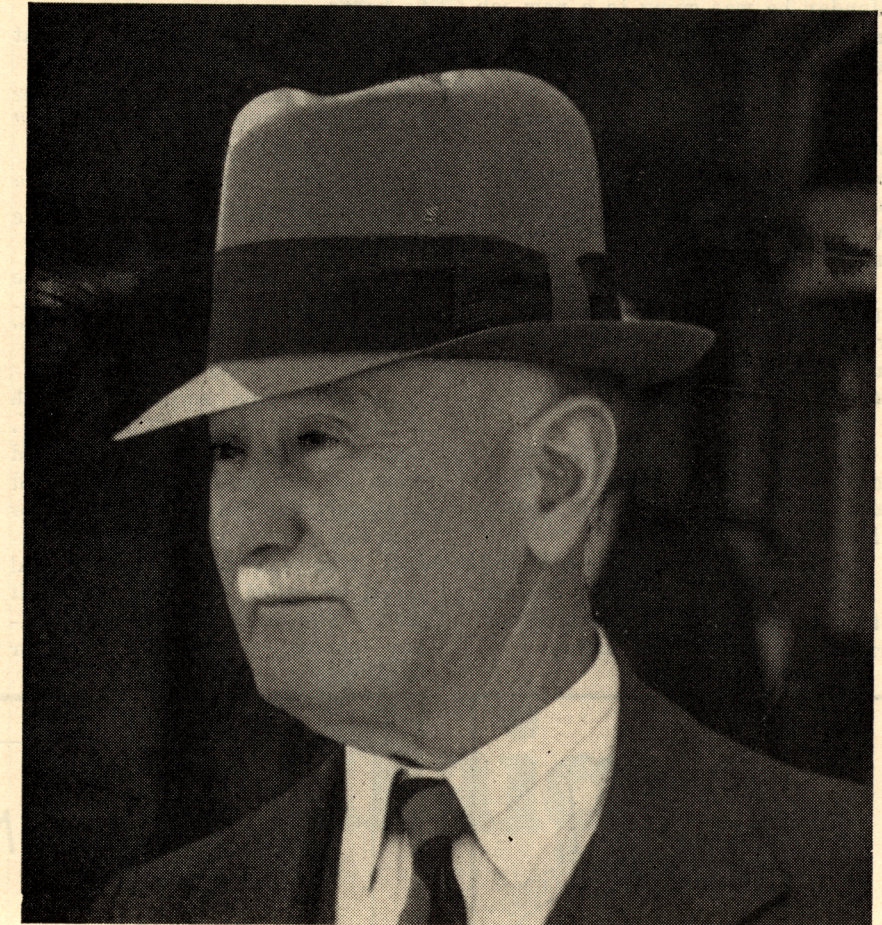
Close on 30 years ago in a daily newspaper writer ran a career story of the veteran mentor and many who enjoyed his friendship as a racing man those days are still close associates.

Chris was a specialist so far as the ponies (14.2 and under) were concerned, but he also enjoyed splendid success in the best company. He early developed a liking for horses, and his first Sydney job was with Jimmy Monaghan at "Wentworth Lodge," Surry Hills. That was in 1887 when Surry Hills was a racing centre of some note. Later he transferred to famous "Zetland Lodge," then in charge of late Thomas Lamond, and it wasn't long before he had his first rides in races. He could then go to scale at 7st.

In those days it wasn't necessary to become an apprentice, and greater part of the riding was left to stable lads. Chris's first race mount was in a Randwick sprint. It marked an epoch in history of A.J.C.'s headquarters because the event was the first to take place from present six furlongs barrier. Postmaster, ridden by Chris, didn't get a place, winner being Brunswick, which belonged to late Bill Kelso, grandfather of present trainer of that famous ilk.

Subsequently Chris went to Tom Ivory's stable, also at Surry Hills, where he stayed five years, riding several of the stables representatives, though bulk of the riding was done by late Jim Barden.

Just on 50 years ago Chris launched out as a trainer, and it wasn't long before he reached the forefront. His first winner was a pony named Refuse, which was successful at Canterbury. The ponies then raced on suburban tracks. A grey, Iona, was his second winner at old Lilybridge, now headquarters



of N.S.W. Trotting Club and known as Harold Park.

Chris was among those present when Kensington track was opened in 1893. He was also there on its closing day. Ponies he raced on that and subsequent A.R.C. tracks included Zeno, Albion, Wide-awake, Mab, Springhill, Laurel, Reola, Lady Mascot, Little Lady, etc. Laurel and Reola both won races with 12st. 2lb., while some of the others also won with more than 11st. Reola once ran in a race with 13st.!

Lady Mascot won 33 events, of which six were on registered tracks. She was a 60 gns. purchase. One day at Victoria Park she humped 11st. 10lb. to victory.

When the A.J.C. lifted the ban, Chris went over to the registered ranks, where one of his first winners

was Reg, who, at 33 to 1, beat Broadsword and Chaste in A.J.C. Final Handicap. A week earlier Broadsword had won the Doncaster. Winners have come along fairly frequently down the years from season to season. Early successes at the registered meetings were achieved with La Balfour, Charleville, Virginie, Gunnilla, St. Medoc and most important of all with Cadonia, winner of 1913 Sydney Cup from Cagou and Jacamar.

Cadonia was a 25 to 1 shot and was ridden by Sam McDonald, who later made a name for himself at pony fixtures, piloting hundreds of winners.

Chris is still turning out a winner or two and has a smart team in work mostly galloping on the Rosebery track.

TUNNEL OF LOVE

THE young man took a deep breath. At last they were alone in the compartment. He must say it now, or it would be too late. On Monday he was going to a new job in Scotland: he might never see her again.

"I love you!"

He forced the three words out of his mouth, but neither she nor he heard them, for at that precise moment the train entered a tunnel. A deafening roar filled the compartment.

The young man distended his lungs again, preparing to use a voice he had not needed since he had left the Army. He shouted: "I love you!"

"Eh?"

Already, ever so slightly, he regretted the impulse. He stood up and closed the window, but it made little difference.

"I said, I Love You!" he bellowed.

"Oh, I shouldn't think so. Besides, it's Friday." Her treble voice carried better above the noise.

The young man broke into panic-stricken perspiration. He had been building up to this moment for two days. "Wait till we're out of—" he began.

Her lips moved sleepily. "What did you say, dear?"

"I—oh, darn!" He seized her hands grimly. "Will you marry me?"

"Who?" She frowned.

"YOU. ME. Will you marry me?" Wildly he wondered whether she could read Morse.

"Harry? Oh, I expect so," he read her lips. Something-something "... in spite of his ulcer?"

"Will you marry me?"

Her face was screwed up with laughing. "... Can't hear! ... Look so funny!" She drew his head down to her mouth and chattered piercingly into his ear: "The doctor said Harry never ought to play football with his ulcer. Duodecimal ulcer, he called it. Ever so big it was. You could see it in the X-ray photos. They starved poor

Harry for a week and filled him up with plaster of Paris or something to take them. Big as a half-crown it was."

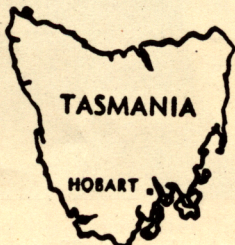
Irritably he released himself. Who the heck was Harry? He wasn't interested in Harry. She could talk about Harry at a time like this!

"Darling, I wanted to ask you —"

This was terrible. The words stuck in his throat. It was a very long tunnel. The train was gathering speed, rattling and banging worse than ever. The driver had probably gone mad. Even the girl was inaudible now, though she was still talking cheerfully. The young man let go of her hands, smiling and nodding desperately as if he understood.

The bubble of his courage pricked, he fell into gloomy meditation. It had been a wonderful evening. The teashop band playing "Madame Butterfly." He was going away—far away. Jumpy. No wonder he had felt worked up to-night. Right up to the point of proposing.

But she hadn't heard. Not a word. Within him a small devil



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NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

whispered: It still isn't too late to back out. But he pushed it guiltily out of sight. He looked sideways at her: pretty, sweet kid, but—a glowing spark of doubt. What were those animated lips saying now? Women talked too much. All very fine, suddenly wanting to take a wife to Scotland with you. You got carried away; you lost your head.

Get married? Difficult, even though the new job meant a rise in pay, and she had no money. A blinding vista of the future opened suddenly before him. Babies, expensive and clamorous. Mumps, scarlet fever, tonsils, schools, clothes, rows and rows of shoes, each pair one size bigger than the last. Parents sacrificing everything for children who only turned round rebellious and quarrelled with them after it all. Ingratitude, bills, no flats, no houses, no coupons. Sleepless wailing nights, hire-purchase income tax, insurance, worry, mothers-in-law, landladies, washing-up, fetching coal, doctors, dentists, exhausting family seaside holidays. Fear of taking risks, of losing jobs; up to the City and down again day in day out. The children would grow up and marry and have more children, and he and she would be grandpa and grandma, old age pensioners, and they'd be lonely and one of them would die and the other would be lonelier still.

Golly, I'm only twenty-three! All my life before me. A bed-sitting-room, five cigarettes a day, Saturday night movie, the occasional palais-de-danse conquest, a bob a week for football pools—not much but all his own. Freedom! What a fool he'd be to get tied up now! What a fool!

A shattering silence as the train shot out of the tunnel.

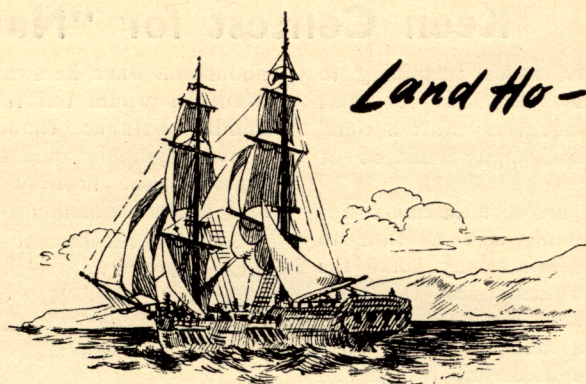
"... Can't hear yourself think!" She laughed. Nice kid when she laughed; she must never stop laughing, or—Great grey eyes, wide with animation: "Whatever were you trying to say just now, dear?"

"Oh, nothing. I forget." He controlled his faintness, adding quickly: "Gosh, it must have been pretty bad, that ulcer of Harry's."

"Oh, yes." She nodded seriously. "Big as a half-crown, it was."

So they didn't live happily ever after.

—Alan Jenkins in London "Evening News."



History was made in 1627

WITH THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUTHWEST COAST OF AUSTRALIA

On January 26th, 1627, the Golden Sea Horse with Pieter Nuyts aboard first contacted the Southwest Coast of Australia. It was named Pieter Nuytsland.

Haig

HISTORY

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THE
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OF
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SWIMMING POOL SPLASHES

Keen Contest for "Native Son" Trophy

WITH seven races remaining to be decided the 1947-48 Point Score tussle for the "Native Son" Trophy provides many chances of success.

A bout of 'flu or a business appointment causing a competitor to miss just one event may make the difference between being the winner or an "also ran."

Just as a case in point, Clive Hoole, a good leader up to the end of April, got the 'flu germ, failed to line up for one race and was not at his best for the next. Clive has now been headed and is only a point or two ahead of a couple of other challengers.

Sid Lorking has now hit the front and holds a four points lead over Hoole with Stewart Murray one point away in third place and "Pete" Hunter only another point astern. Arthur McCamley is not out of the hunt, and both Jack Shaffran and Arthur Webber have topped the century of points. Last season Hoole won from Murray.

Despite the fact that he was not able to swim in a final for which he qualified, "Pete" Hunter landed the May Point Score and during the month won his first individual race of the season.

The club has gained another speedster in the Swimming Club in Dr. R. Opie, who won at his first start over 40 yards in 21 2/5 secs. He's not conditioned yet so watch his splash in the next few weeks. Dr. Opie has been in the country for some time but will be with us for a period. To those who wondered

about him when he swam in his first event we would tell that he was a middle distance champion of the University and would have been up amongst the best of them if he had taken swimming on seriously.

Amongst the best 40 yards dashes during May were:—S. Lorking 21 1/5, Dr. R. Opie 21 2/5 and 22 2/5, G. Boulton 22 2/5, K. Hunter and J. Shaffran 22 4/5.

Last month we tipped that Bill Phillips would go close to winning the May Trophy, but the fates were against him as a bad dose of 'flu prevented him from racing after he had won the first race. On 29th May Bill, as manager of the Australian Olympic Swimming Team, started his 'plane trip to England so he will have to wait until next season for another win.

With Phillips in the plane were Merv. Wood, Olympic sculler and Warren Boyd, one of the Olympic swimmers.

One of our Swimming Club members in Dave Tarrant also travelled in the same plane.

Dave is on a business trip, but he does confess that there will be something wrong if he does not see the Olympic Games.

During June the Olympic will fly overseas in two or three parties. With it go all the best wishes of Club members. There should be no complaints on the score of fitness as members of the team have had better opportunities on that score than any of their predecessors.

A number of the swimmers have been training in the large warmed pools in Melbourne and Boyd will be in England a couple of months before the games start to get himself into the way of English conditions. The Water Polo team will have two months of competition with Continental and Eng-

lish teams before facing the tough Olympic contests.

John Treloar is putting a lot of hard training on cinder tracks against class American runners, and, if we know anything about it, John is one lad who will learn a great deal from that.

The other track athletes are able to train on the new Moore Park cinder track under the expert eye of that keenest of keen athletic enthusiasts, Jack Metcalfe, who will manage the Athletic team overseas.

Added to all this is the fact that the team is flying to England and thus escaping the lazy and weight producing five weeks on shipboard. On this trip, at any rate, we will not see some of our representatives sent down to the stokehold for a daily bout of work to reduce their overweight.

So, all in all, the lads and lasses will be ready to produce their best and win or lose, they will have no

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complaints about lack of fitness. Good luck go with you Olympians!

Results:—

80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 4th May—A. Webber and P. Lindsay (53) 1, S. Lorking and S. Murray (46) 2, A. McCamley and H. E. Davis (50) 3. Time 51 secs.

40 Yards Handicap, 11th May—K. Hunter (24) 1, S. Mather (29) 2, S. Lorking (23) 3. Time 22 4-5 secs.

80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 18th May—A. Webber and H. E. Davis (50) 1, P. Hill and S. Lorking (45) 2, D. B. Hunter and C. Hoole (49) 3. Time 49-secs.

40 Yards Handicap, 25th May—Dr. R. Opie (23) 1, G. Boulton (23) 2, J. Saffran (23) 3. Time 21 2/5 secs.

May Point Score.

This series resulted:—

K. Hunter 22, 1; S. Lorking 21, 2; S. Murray and A. Webber, 19½, 3; H. E. Davis 17, 5; C. Hoole 12, 6; S. Mather and A. McCamley 11, 7; N. P. Murphy and P. Hill 10, 9; P. Hernon 9, 11; W. B. Phillips, P. E. Gunton, P. Lindsay and D. B. Hunter 8, 12.

1947-1948 Point Score.

Leaders up to the end of May were:—

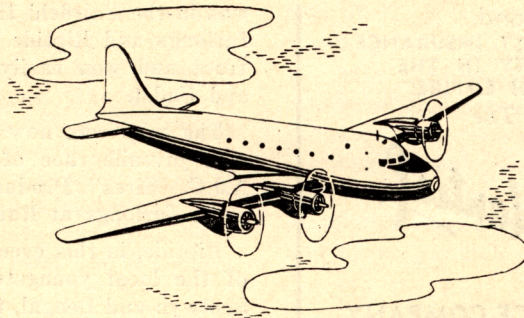
S. Lorking 127½, C. Hoole 123, S. Murray 122, K. Hunter 121, A. McCamley 110½, J. Shaffran 106, A. Webber 103½, N. P. Murphy 96,

P. Lindsay 95, P. Hill 87, H. E. Davis 75½, C. Chatterton 74, D. B. Hunter 70, T. H. English 68½, D. Wilson 65½, S. B. Solomon 64½, P. E. Gunton 57, B. Chiene 52½.

Rural N.S.W.: Photo shows an everyday scene of Cowra's main thoroughfare, Kendall St. Flood waters have reached close to the chemist shop shown in picture on right but engineers have done much to make this main Western Road safe at all times.

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The Horse of the Month

The A.J.C. Derby this year carries £10,000 prize money, and already connections of Riptide have their eyes on the big stake and the honour and glory attached to the classic.

THE big purse has attracted a nomination of 211 and a larger than average field is almost certain to line up on the first Saturday in October.

Two-year-old supremacy in this state must be handed to Riptide, whose only five starts so far have resulted in three wins, a third and a sixth. His outstanding record in the big two-year-old races certainly entitle him to selection as the likely Derby winner, at least as far as the N.S.W. rising three-year-olds are concerned.

Riptide was purchased by Mr. A. T. McLauchlan at the 1947 yearling sales for 2,600 guineas, and he was regarded at the time, by competent judges, as a bargain at that price. He was, of course, handed to trainer A. S. Croall at Moorefield, who had done so well with Magnificent for

Mr. McLauchlan a couple of seasons earlier.

Croall immediately mapped out a programme for Riptide similar to that followed in the case of Magnificent, and like his predecessor, Riptide made his debut in the Breeders' Plate at Randwick.

Also, like Magnificent, he scored a comfortable victory in this first classic and was immediately put away for a spell until it was time for him to begin his Autumn preparation.

Riptide returned to work early this year and was not long in proving that he had not lost any of the pace that he had shown at his only appearance in public. He worked along in great style at Moorefield and returned to racing at Rosehill on March 13.

It was in the Macarthur Quality Handicap that he made his reappearance and, naturally, he was awarded top weight of 9.0.

Out of a Place.

Riptide finished out of a place, but was not disgraced at the weights and he soon proved that he had needed the Rosehill run to top him off, as he won at his next start under the welter impost of 9.5. This was in the Fairfield Handicap of six furlongs and Riptide was always in front and won easily from Heliofly and Cadet.

The way was now paved for the star juvenile race of the year, the A.J.C. Sires' Produce Stakes of seven furlongs at Randwick.

Riptide, in this event, met the best of the local youngsters as well as Scotwyn and Bengal, two of the best from Victoria.

On a holding track, Riptide jumped to the front from the outset and made an exhibition of the field, winning by five lengths from Dynamite with Bengal nearly a length further away in third place. It was a superlative performance and the experts at once marked Riptide as the ultimate Derby winner.

However, four days later, he lost some caste by finishing only third

to Wattle and Bold Duke in the Champagne Stakes, but the fact that he had to carry a penalty afforded some excuse for the colt.

Riptide was then sent out for his winter spell and is due to recommence work at the beginning of next week. Reports state that he has done exceptionally well since he last raced, and he will probably head the Derby quotes as soon as a market is established on that particular race.

His breeding suggests staying ability and, as there is no doubt at all about his pace, he measures up as an ideal Derby candidate.

Hardest to beat, according to two-year-old form during the current season, will be Comic Court, from South Australia, and Ungar, from Victoria.

Ungar put up a sequence of several wins in Melbourne prior to win-

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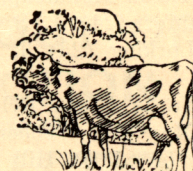
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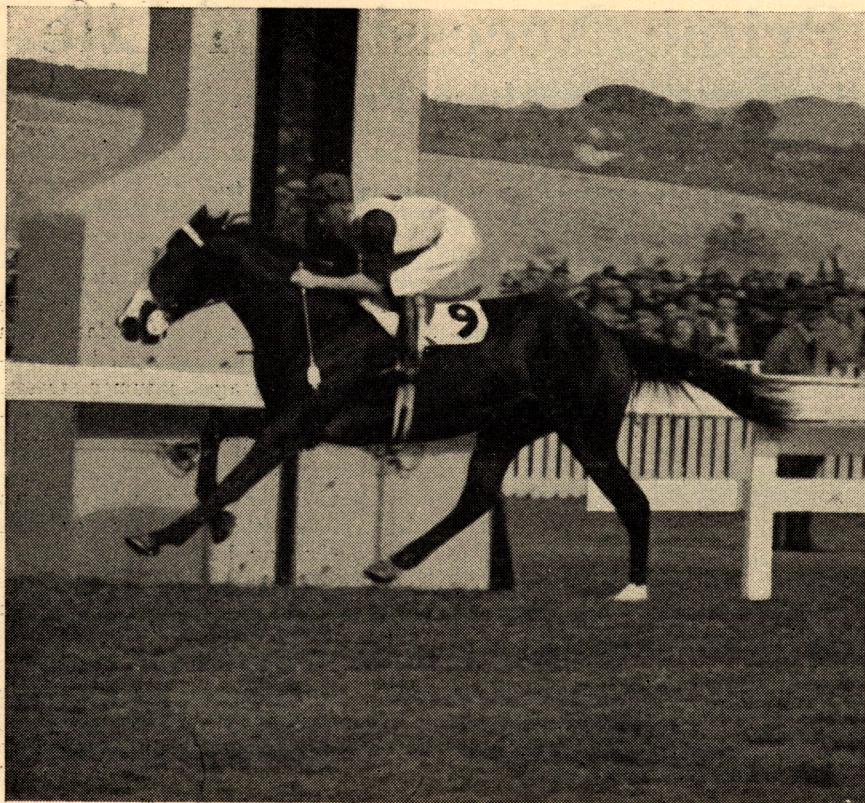
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Riptide.

ning the Sires Produce Stakes at Flemington, in which he downed Comic Court by a neck and, at his next start, he met and defeated Scotwyn in the Merson Cooper Stakes at Caulfield.

This event put the Victorian juvenile supremacy beyond dispute, as Scotwyn had won many races in Melbourne against the best of the local youngsters.

Comic Court then threw a bombshell into the racing world by finishing all over Ungar and Scotwyn in the Ascot Vale Stakes and the performance was so full of merit that the connections of the colt immediately stated that Comic Court would be set for the A.J.C. Derby.

That decision is still being adhered to and Sydney seems certain of seeing Comic Court and other interstate three-year-olds in opposition to Riptide at the coming Spring meeting.

However, no matter what colt or filly prevails in the classic, Riptide at the moment is the colt of the month.

Yellow Perils

ONCE a man has fallen, heavily and in public, on a banana skin, the experience haunts him. The swift, the almost graceful, uprush of the feet, the wild, instinctive attempt to use the umbrella as a kind of alpenstock, the moment when he seems to be suspended in mid-air, the terrific wallop which instantly dispels this illusion, the smiles of frank enjoyment which few of his rescuers make any serious attempt to conceal, the degrading sense of having translated a music-hall joke into real life, these memories leave their mark on even the strongest character.

Men who had hitherto jogged happily through life with nothing worse on their sub-conscious minds than the fear of riding a runaway horse into a quicksand, or being thrown by a master-criminal into a pit full of puff-adders, find that they now really have got something that keeps them awake at nights.

These unfortunates will have read with mixed feelings of large shipments of bananas to this country.

Artisan Golf in England

Twenty-six years ago a group of golf enthusiasts, worried by increasing difficulties to working-class players through soaring club subscriptions, got together, and, under the presidency of the late Lord Riddell, formed the Artisan Golfers' Association.

The idea behind it was to persuade the fashionable and expensive clubs to allow working men of limited means to have their own artisan sections within the parent clubs, and to enjoy the use of the famous golf courses at subscriptions within the reach of their pockets.

Within a year 20 clubs were going, largely through the influence of Lord Riddell and the "coaxing" ability of W. J. Gardner, the hon. secretary, who never would take "No" for an answer to his quiet demands on the big clubs to allow artisan sections.

To-day there are 192 artisan clubs with 10,000 members, and the A.G.A. is a power in the land. Lord Riddell has unfortunately passed from the scene and so has his successor as president, Sir Emsley Carr, but the traditions which they built are living on, fostered by the fatherly influence of the great J. H. Taylor—and by the still burning enthusiasm of W. J. Gardner.

"W. J. G." has just celebrated his 25th anniversary as hon. secretary of the Artisan Golfers' Association. He has seen the working-man golfer's status raised, in that time, from zero to the heights of international amateur recognition and he is, justifiably, a proud man.

"In the early 1920s the artisans usually played in their everyday working clothes, carrying small golf bags containing, perhaps, half a dozen clubs," he told. "I recall a fisherman playing in the 1923 tournament wearing a jersey with 'Saucy Ellen' blazoned across the chest.

"But now our artisans are turned out as faultlessly as any highly-paid professional or wealthy amateur.

Water—The Prime Necessity of Life

A Glimpse Behind Sydney's Huge Project

(By Gordon Fausset)

It's a simple matter to turn on a tap and use water as we want to, but too few realise the magnitude of the work involved in collecting, storing, testing and delivering the water to our homes.

SYDNEY'S general system commenced in 1880 with a wier on the Nepean, which fed waters from the Cordeaux, Avon and Cataract rivers to Prospect reservoir 40 miles away.

Since those days consumption has risen from 23 gallons per head to 77.

To-day, to cater for this growing demand, the Sydney Water and Sewerage Board is constructing what will be the biggest dam in the Southern hemisphere—one with a capacity of 460,000 million gallons and three and a half times bigger than Sydney harbour.

And that is the purpose of this article.

This colossal project on the Warragamba river near Wallacia will ensure Sydney and environs with ample water for many years.

But the work involved is gigantic and will take ten years to complete

at a cost not less than nine million pounds.

The catchment area is just the mere 3400 square miles, extending in a somewhat triangular area beyond Lithgow on the north, Goulburn (south) and Moss Vale (east). That huge area dwarfs the Harbour, and for added comparison Warragamba will have a lake area of 36 square miles against the Harbor's 22.

Maximum depth of the Harbor is 150 feet, Warragamba will be 340, with an average depth of 76 feet (Harbour 30). Anybody wishing to stroll around the new dam will have to cover 220 miles.

Most of the famous Burratorang valley will be submerged, but the growth of population and increasing diversity of water use have to be met.

But before the last bag of cement is mixed think of the preparatory

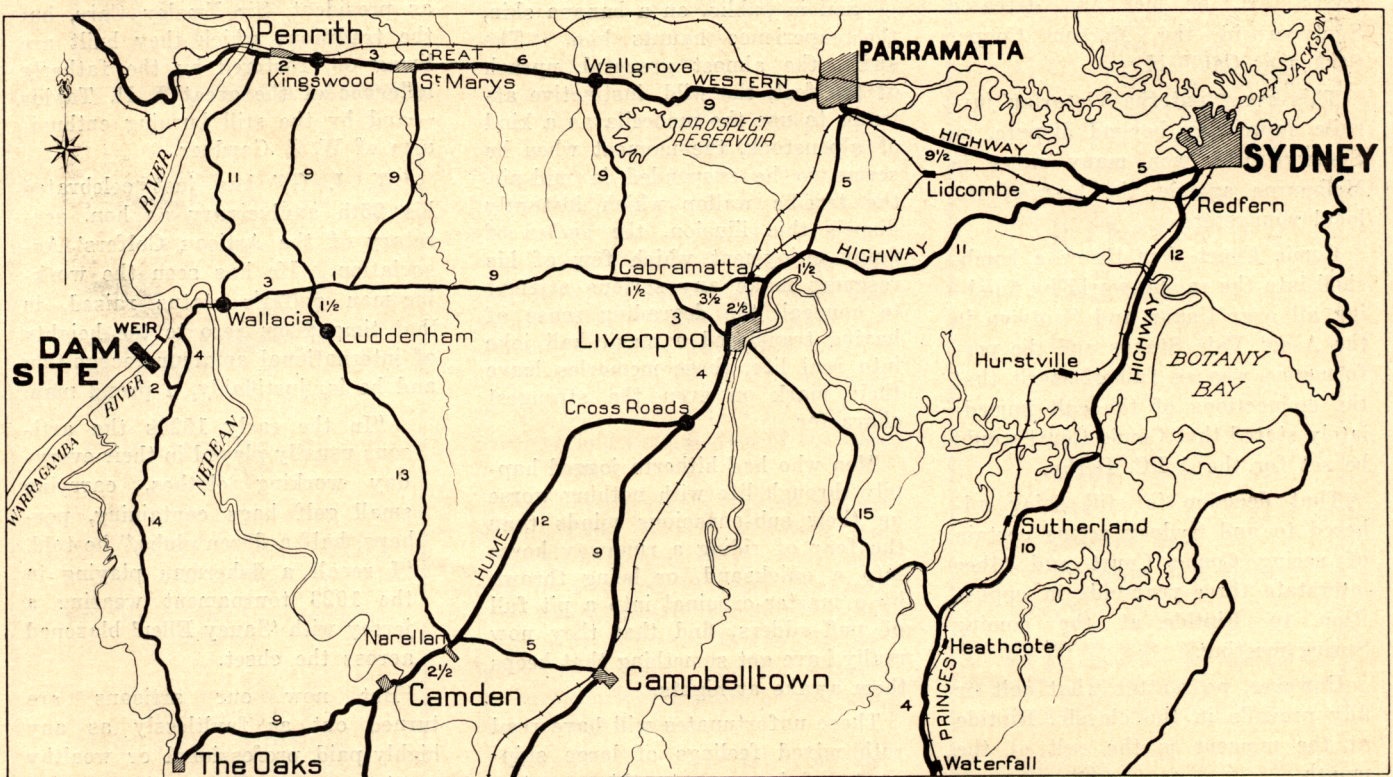
and actual construction itself.

More than 1000 workmen will be required, and to accommodate them the Board is building a model township of 600 cottages. Bitumen streets, water supply, sewerage and electricity will be provided at absolutely minimum cost.

Social amenities include a town hall, picture theatre, sports grounds and swimming baths.

Already a school of 70 pupils is functioning, but provision has been made to cater for 1000. Apart from the school grounds the youngsters will have special playing areas throughout the township.

One feature of the new township is the Board's insistence there shall be no business competition. One butcher, one baker, one billiard salon and so on. Business concerns must erect their shops at their own cost and then pay rent for the ground—2/- a year.



To-day housewives rely on outside sources for commodities, and get a very efficient delivery service from all tradesmen.

Rents? 12/6 for a two bedroom cottage, 15/- for a three-unit type.

The actual construction work is still in the initial stages, having been retarded by the curtailment of works in the war years, and even now handicapped through lack of manpower and material resources.

Water will leave the dam in two lines of pipes 8ft. 10ins. in diameter, and then feed into three pipelines 4ft. in diameter.

Getting materials to the site of the dam wall is a huge task, particularly as the dam will be 343ft. high and more than 100 yards through at the base.

Gravel and sand to the extent of $2\frac{1}{2}$ million tons will travel by air from Emu Plains, 12 miles away. An aerial ropeway on the endless bucket principle will be capable of delivering 170 tons an hour.

This material will help in the $1\frac{1}{2}$ million cubic yards of concrete to form the dam wall.

There has been a tremendous advance in mechanical equipment since the war. Special earth moving units operated by one man can shift eight to ten tons of material in one go, work that would take many manpower hours and much sweat.

So in brief that's the general story behind your tap of the future.

The Water Board is bold and ambitious, but it has to be to keep $1\frac{1}{2}$ million people supplied with water connected to nearly 390,000 buildings.

At Left: Geographical location of the dam. The Water Board expects considerable interest in the dam as work progresses and proposes to facilitate visits by parties.

Top (this Page).

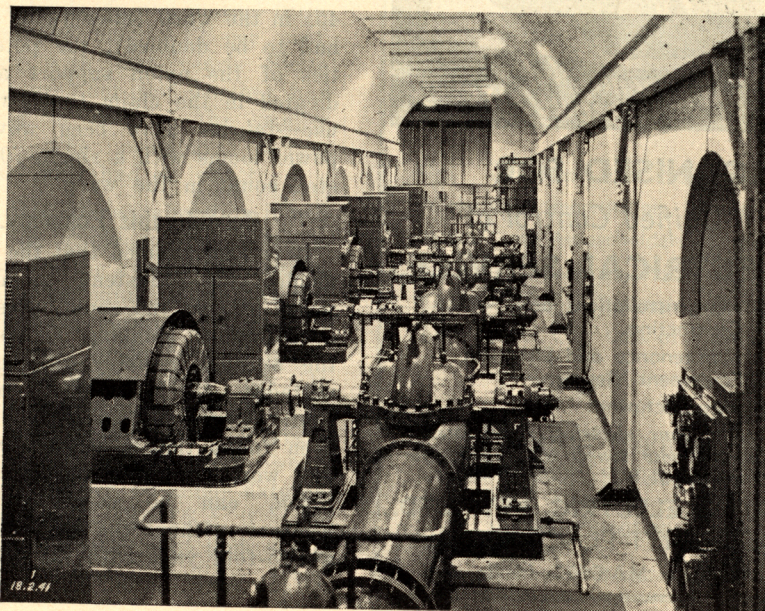
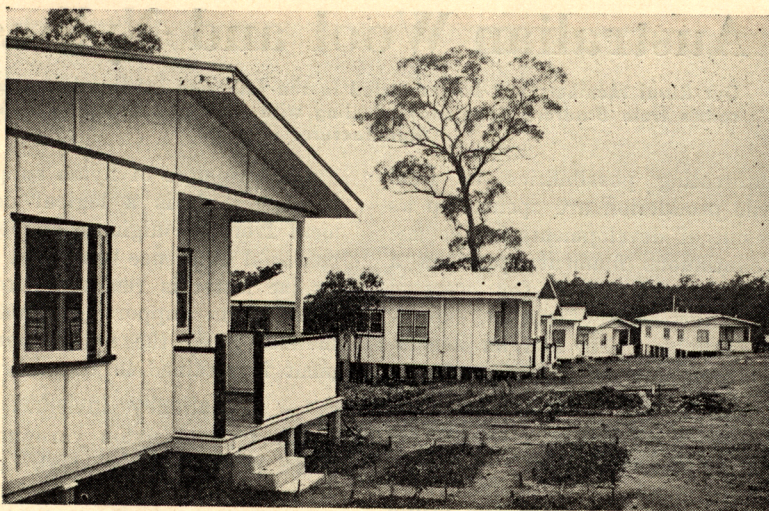
These are typical cottages being erected in the model township. When fully developed the township is expected to have a population of at least 3,500 persons. Public services will be provided at actual cost to the Board.

Centre.

Concrete Bridge Crossing Over McGarrity's Creek.

Bottom:

The pumping station at Warragamba. It is in a cavern 180 feet below the surface and excavated in solid rock. Six 1000 horse power motors drive the water along a 16 miles long pipeline.



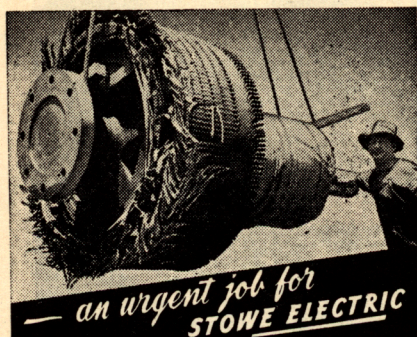
Australian Wool and Nylons

Our Rural Members will be interested in the following information which comes from Bradford (England), dealing with wool in relation to Nylon Manufacture.

Interesting possibilities in wool textile production are opened up as a result of developments in the use of continuous filament nylon as a reinforcing structure for worsted yarn. New fields of output, especially in lightweights and an accelerated and more efficient rate of production, are claimed.

For some years, one of the objects of research has been to find a support for wool which would not be apparent in fine fabrics but would give them a durability not expected from wool alone.

It is claimed by British Nylon Spinners, Ltd., that nylon reinforcement supplies the answer and makes possible a greater use of the intrinsic properties of wool by providing extra tensile strength in the yarn. To this extent it is suggested that nylon is not competitive with, but complementary to, wool by paving the way to extended fields of use for which wool alone could not qualify.



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The principle of nylon support, it is suggested, is a logical development from the alginate support, the essential difference being that whereas the latter is removed after performing its supporting function in manufacture, the nylon reinforcement is retained in the fabric.

Practically Invisible.

The type of nylon yarn used for this purpose has high specific strength and elasticity, yet is so fine as to be practically invisible when combined with worsted yarn.

Two systems of effecting the combination have been tried. In the doubling method, a single worsted yarn is spun in the normal manner and then folded, or "doubled" with a continuous filament nylon yarn. By the "core" or "skeleton" method, the nylon is led into the worsted yarn during the spinning.

Neither method calls for expensive modifications to existing machinery. The chief advantage claimed for the "core" method is that the nylon, being led into the yarn at the point where it actually becomes a yarn, enables finer yarns to be spun from a given top than would be possible if the nylon were not present at that stage.

If it be assumed that the finest wool cloths yet commercially made have been from single 40s to single 45s in the warp (finer yarns having had to be doubled), the potentialities of the nylon support are indicated in the claim that—with its use—fabrics have been woven on power looms with a single 70s worsted count in the warp.

Considerable Economy.

It is also claimed that the use of single yarns, instead of doubled yarns of half the count, presents a considerable spinning economy to the worsted industry although, admittedly, the character of the fabric would be modified. It has been found that a single's yarn of 40s worsted count, combined with nylon, can be woven efficiently whereas, without the nylon support, a two-fold yarn with the same resultant count would be required.

Thus, a single 40s yarn, with nylon, has done the work which would otherwise require a two-fold 80s.

British Nylon Spinners record that tests of a single 17s worsted yarn and a yarn of the same resultant count but spun with a 20 denier nylon core, show the tensile strength of the latter to be 100 per cent. greater than the former. This suggests that nylon as fine as 10 denier will give adequate support in the finer worsted counts and production facilities for this very fine denier nylon are being developed.

Among fabrics shown to the trade Press are a 12oz. worsted flannel from a warp composed of 1/18s worsted yarn and 20 denier nylon, crossed with an all-worsted weft, the nylon content being 3 per cent. A moss crepe dress material of 5½ oz. had a 1/36s worsted yarn folded with 30 denier nylon in both warp and weft, the nylon content being 12 per cent.; and a 6½ oz. gaberdine coating of similar warp and weft also had a 12 per cent. nylon content.



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Colossal Figures But Americans Not "Big" Punters

An analysis of official figures for the Santa Anita (California) carnival held early this year show that, after all, the American punter is not the "big" backer. Australians are led to believe, though it must be added Australians don't want to do any boasting along these lines.

IN the United States race followers take their sport more seriously than their Australian counterpart, while newspapers devote much more space—they have the newsprint—to the Sport of Kings, but more in a general and newsy way than on the official or revenue side.

Now and again what seem colossal figures to an Australian reader are tabulated, but when one closely examines the voluminous date it is shown that there isn't much between the actual mutual holdings in U.S.A. and the combined turnover of say Randwick bookmakers and the totalisator, applying the test to the important occasions.

For example, Doncaster Day at Randwick saw a record attendance, 93,746, plus a record tote handling, £232,427. Bookmakers probably held, at least, five times the amount put through the machine. Returns on Santa Anita Handicap day, most important of the session, are comparable with Randwick's aggregate as 85,500 saw that rich Californian event and the tote handling was 4,761,483 dollars.

Santa Anita carnival spread over 24 days spaced between December 28 and March 6, inclusive. Lowest attendance was 44,500, the aggregate being 1,641,807. The mutual holding for the 24 days was 108,727,729 dollars for an average of 2,174,454 per day.

Both attendance and mutual turnover dropped about 12 per cent. compared with last year's Santa Anita fixture, but the weather had something to do with the smaller figures. The economic picture nationally also had its effect.

From this official tabulation it will be seen at a glance that there is little between the average Australian and American punter so far as the aggregate cash outlay is concerned, and, of course, making the comparison with the big occasions only. It has to be remembered that the Australian sees racing once a week, sometimes during the week when there is a holiday, or minor fixtures are programmed. In U.S.A. it is an almost daily routine, but then again America has many millions more population.

A typical scene of Orange, Western N.S.W., showing the main street. Possessing very fertile country this centre is always thriving in the cattle and fruit industries.

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London Olympic Games Next Month

Next month Australian sporting eyes will be turned toward London for all the latest pertaining to the Olympic Games. This 1948 Olympiad will get the greatest publicity ever from Press, radio and television.

ON the afternoon of Thursday, July 29, a runner will enter Wembley Stadium carrying the Olympic Torch on its last lap from from the village of Olympia, in Southern Greece.

The runner, whose torch will have been lit at the start by the rays of the sun through a giant magnifying glass, will make for a peristyle in the Stadium to light the Olympic Flame which must burn night and day in all weathers for the duration of the XIVth Olympic Games.

The central figure on the tribune of honour at this impressive opening ceremony, which is expected to be watched by about 100,000 spectators, will be the King. Accompanied by the President of the International Olympic Committee, M. J. Sigfrid Edstrom, of Sweden, and the President of the Games, Lord

Portal, His Majesty will take the salute at the March Past of athletes. A happy solution to the vexed question of saluting has been found; the athletes will merely turn their heads to the right.

Each contingent, dressed to take part in the sports, must be preceded by a shield bearing the name of its country and accompanied by its national flag. Having completed their march round the Stadium, they will line up facing the tribune.

The King will then say: "I proclaim open the Olympic Games of 1948 celebrating the XIVth Olympiad of the modern era."

This will be the signal for a fanfare of trumpets, followed by the firing of a salute while the Olympic Flag, showing fine interlocking circles, is hoisted on the central mast, and the freeing of pigeons—each having round its neck a ribbon with the colours of one of the participating nations. Choirs will then sing a cantata.

The Olympic Oath.

A representative of the British team will next advance to the foot of the tribune bearing the Union Jack and surrounded by flag bear-

ers of the other countries. He will pronounce, and the regulations say he must "shout" the following oath, all the other athletes with their right hands raised joining in: "We swear that we will take part in the Olympic Games in loyal competition, respecting the regulations which govern them and desirous of participating in them in the true spirit of sportsmanship for the honour of our country and for the glory of sport."

Thus the greatest festival of its kind, attracting many thousands of athletes and spectators from all parts of the world, will have been given the order, "Let battle begin." For 15 days the pick of 42 Countries, outstanding men and women in 17 different sports will match their strength, skill and wits.

Organisers and the British sporting public are fervently hoping that "the glory of sport" rather than "honour of our country" will inspire the athletes Memories of the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin, which Hitler tried to make a spectacle advertising the merits of "Strength Through Joy"—his refusal to congratulate the coloured American sprinter, Jesse Owens, was



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one of the incidents—are still with us.

It was originally intended that the Games should be held in 1940. At the end of the war, the British Olympic Association Investigation Committee decided to apply for the 1948 Games. The then Lord Mayor of London forwarded the invitation and, after a postal ballot, London was chosen—forty years after the only previous London Games, the main events of which were held at the White City Stadium, built for the purpose.

As stated this year's Olympics will be the fourteenth in the modern series which started in 1896. The term "Olympiad" in the time of the ancient Greek Games came to mean a period of four years, because for over 1,000 until A.D. 394, when they were suppressed, the Games were held every fourth year. Thus the tradition has been continued in the new series.

The Empire Stadium and the Empire Pool at Wembley will be the scene of several events—athletics, soccer, swimming, hockey and gymnastics. But other centres will stage equally important sections. There will be wrestling at Harringay Stadium, cycling at Herne Hill, yachting at Torquay and rowing at Henley-on-Thames.

Incentive to Tourists.

There has been criticism of the advisability of holding such a gathering in these days of austerity in Britain. The official view is that the Games have given an added incentive to many people who were in two minds about visiting Britain this summer. Of the 450,000 tourists who are estimated to be going, about 100,000 are making the trip specifically to attend the Games, while many others will include them in their itinerary.

From North American visitors alone, it is expected that England shall receive about 30,000,000 dollars; from other visitors a total in various other currencies of about £100,000,000. It is by such attractions as the Games, say spokesmen of Government Departments, that a fillip will be given to the tourist trade, which plays so vital a part as an invisible export in the quest for dollars.

"PARIS HERALD'S" DAILY BITE!

"To the editor of the 'Herald.'

"I am anxious to find out the way to figure the temperature from centigrade to Fahrenheit and vice versa. In other words, I want to know, whenever I see the temperature designated on the centigrade thermometer, how to find out what it would be on Fahrenheit's thermometer.—AN OLD PHILADELPHIA LADY."

This letter appeared in the same place in the "Paris Herald" every day for 18 years and five months — 6,718 issues in all — exactly as it appeared the first time. It was so run on the orders of James Gordon Bennett.

Al Laney, in his book, "Paris Herald," who tells the story adds— "On practically every one of those days someone saw it for the first time and sent in the explanation. But the Old Philadelphia Lady continued to reiterate her question, and no one ever succeeded in getting from Bennett an explanation of why!"

TWO women were talking and one of them said, "Whenever I'm in the dumps, I get a new hat."

The other one replied, "I always wondered where you got them."

* * *

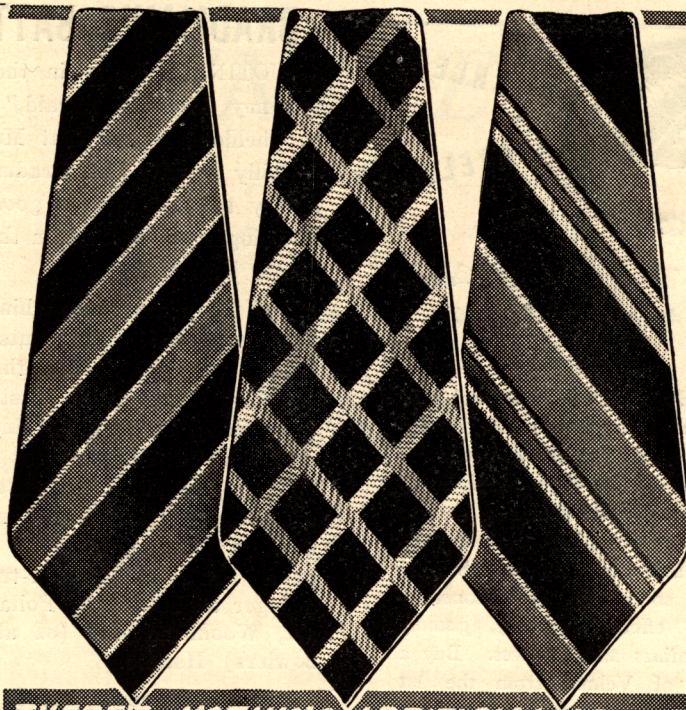
OUR Uncle Jeremy says that he doesn't expect the United Nations Organisation to stop the next war; he'll be satisfied if it doesn't start it.

A HILLBILLY had been calling on a girl for a year and finally her father grabbed him and said, "I want to know whether your intentions toward my daughter are honourable or dishonourable."

The hillbilly exclaimed, "You mean I got a choice?"

* * *

INFLATION is when the creaking of the pillars of the economic system can be heard above the rustling of the bank notes.



THERE'S NOTHING ARTIFICIAL ABOUT

Klipplet Ties

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A pleasing sight for travellers. Picture shows bridge over the Macquarie River at Geurie.



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BRADMAN'S BATTING

QUOTING a letter in the "Sydney Morning Herald," by W. S. Sheldon: I read that Mr. W. J. O'Reilly regards Don Bradman's inability to cope with a good length in-swing as "a chink in the champion's armour."

For 20 years these chinks have been detected from outside the fence. In 1930, it was the googly (Peebles), in 1932, fast bowler (Larwood), in 1934, the finger-spun slow ball drifting across the bat (Verity), in 1936, the fast-medium out-swing (Voce), and now, Mr. O'Reilly tells us, it is the medium-pace bowler's stock-in-trade in-swing as bowled by Pollard, Bedser, Woodhead and (of all demon bowlers) Hazare.

I find it, however, rather puzzling that a batsman who is apparently equally at sea to fast, slow, and medium-pace bowling has over 20 years scraped together his runs in all first-class cricket at an average of 96, and in all Test matches at an average of 102; and at the same

time has packed grounds with those anxious to watch his crudities.



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There'll Always Be An England

In this, the greatest year in England's sporting history, with the Olympic Games, test cricket and test football all being held on British soil, sports writers are beating the tar out of the British public and demanding that it stop prophesying defeat for its representatives before the games and the tests even start. The writers point out that although England may have fallen from her once lofty position as a producer of world champions in a wide variety of sports, she has always held the championship for "good sportsmanship." But—

AFTER each set back a now hoary, old excuse is wheeled forward by a big section of Englishmen, according to the sports writers: "our men are half starved and cannot stand up to full-fed foreigners."

This theory was carried to an absurd degree after the last English Derby, which the French horse Pearl Diver won by a street.

"The corn ration of the British horses was too small to give them a chance," was the cry.

England hoped that it had a world beater in its young heavy-weight, Bruce Woodcock, and fondly pictured him standing over a prone and senseless Joe Louis.

Baski, a reasonably good American heavyweight, came over to England and almost pounded Woodcock through the canvas.

Once the English would have placed laurel wreaths all over the foreigner for being good enough to lick their man in a fair fight.

But after the fight the cheers for the winner were muffled by disappointed grumblings such as "what could you expect with our man half-starved?"

As for the approaching Olympic Games, the stock joke in England at present is "Britain might just win the egg-and-spoon race—if we can find any eggs."

Perhaps the most shocking indication of the changed English temper is the attitude adopted by many towards England's chances in the game which it loves more than any other—cricket.

Here the cry is: "What hope have we against an Australian test team which includes seven men who have made test centuries?"

The sports writers have become thoroughly fed up with all this defeatism and are telling the squealers off and sparing no feelings. They are going to make every Englishman a good loser again or wear their pens out in the attempt. In addition they are fighting for a new attitude towards sport—a truly scientific approach to the development of champions.

They are arguing along these lines, "if the fact that English champs are being licked these days is because of food shortages, etc., what explains the fact that English champs were not going so well pre-war?"

At the last Olympic Games in 1936, out of 21 men's athletic events, America cleaned up 11, Germany and Finland three each, Japan two, New Zealand one and Great Britain one.

No athlete was short of food in 1936.

After English readers swallow that sort of bitter pill they are hit with bullets like this: "One important title we seemed capable of retaining was the British Women's Golf Championship—until Babe Dedrickson came over determined to take it back to America.

"The Babe was a new type of woman golfer. While other competitors were enjoying rounds of social engagements Babe was sound asleep gathering her strength. Early in the morning, while the others were snoring on, she would get up and do training runs and gymnastics.

"None of the English champions dreamed of following her example. They got licked and just couldn't fathom why the American girl was so much better than they were."

England must wake up to the fact that the breeding of champions is no longer an haphazard business. The future champ. must be discovered in childhood and carefully coached over a long period into an unbeatable athlete.

To be a natural sport is no longer enough. Slight imperfections in



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OF THE COMMONWEALTH CUSTOMS

The Quality never varies

style is quite sufficient now to mean defeat instead of victory.

England's tennis is at present probably at its lowest ebb. Not one name stands out. No youngster is showing any particular signs of being a future star. Wimbledon has become a private affair between Americans, Australians and one or two continental players.

Why?

Remember Fred Perry who a few years back licked the world at Wimbledon, won the Davis Cup for England and made England No. 1 tennis country of the world? He was the first Englishman to be world champion since 1909.

Perry licked everyone else by developing his natural talents from childhood, specialising wholly in tennis.

Sadly enough England learned no lesson from this man. The moment he faded from the scene her tennis collapsed.

The overwhelming Americans have the right idea, and it's a very simple one: catch 'em young, coach 'em thoroughly and never let 'em forget they're going to be world's champions. The result of this formula is: Riggs, Budge, Vines, Kramer, Parker, etc. With the Yanks it's a national business—with the English a casual show. The results speak for themselves.

The story is the same with Golf. England has the material, but the material is not encouraged to develop as it is in other countries.

Henry Cotton came through to the top on his own. He was prepared to make golf his sole interest and took the British Open off the Americans when it appeared to have become a fixture with them.

In athletics, England has one bright star—Alan Paterson, a Scots lad under 21 who can clear almost 6ft. 8ins. Imagine what the Americans would do with such a boy.

Paterson wants to be a doctor. He can't afford the University fees, so he has to slog along in the army.

As a banner, the English are given this thought: "The English soldier is the toughest and most unbeatable champion ever. He may go down for a short count, but he always rises to win. These qualities do not die on the sporting fields with peace. It is purely a matter of adjustment."

Those Very "Naughty Nineties"

(Culled from "Home Journal" 1897)

"Verdant: At a matinee, there would be no impropriety in expressing gentle applause, but a loud clapping of the hands would be decidedly vulgar."

* * *

"Irene: No matter how long your gloves are, they should be entirely taken off at supper."

* * *

"Always address, in letters, a servant in the third person," admonishes Walter Germain.

* * *

"Netty: The word 'golf' is pronounced as though spelled 'goff'."

* * *

New parasol: "A dainty protection from the sun is of pale blue silk."

* * *

Sweater girl, 1897: "A sweater for a girl of seventeen, made with lapels to turn back in the front, a vest and a high collar, costs about five dollars."

* * *

"Alan Dale: It is said that tornadoes usually occur between 3 and 5 in the afternoon."

"The afternoon call is not the formal affair it was some years ago," admits Walter Germain in his column for men. "At many houses men leave their hats and sticks in the hall and do not enter the drawing room with them, as has been the vogue."

* * *

Suggestions for mothers: "The old saying that if a baby's nails were cut he would grow up a thief is an idle superstition."

* * *

"On the second floor there are three comfortable bedrooms, a nursery, servant's room, bathroom and ample closets," Walter Keith describes a fifteen hundred-dollar house for a young couple.

* * *

"With a simple percale morning gown," Emma Hooper advises the ladies, "wear a stock tie of satin or a high linen collar with a plaid string tie, dress bow or four-in-hand."

* * *

"Jennie: Although your escort offers you the bill of fare, allow him to choose the supper."

Re the "Ebony Antelope"

THE stars in sport come and go and there was a story circulating recently that Jesse Owen, the "Ebony Antelope," greatest sprinter the world has yet seen, was down and out after running through £40,000 he had earned since turning professional in 1937.

These are the facts. Jesse was in the easy money for a time after his four gold medal winning efforts (100 and 200 metres, long jump, and 4 x 100 relay) at the 1936 Olympics.

Stage and screen offers poured in, personal appearance payments, exhibitions, and sports gear sponsorships brought him thousands of dollars. He spent the lot.

The Owens demand began to dwindle. In 1939 he filed his petition in bankruptcy. For a time he was reduced to freak races—running against racehorses, greyhounds and midget cars—and a playground

attendant job to feed himself, his wife and three children.

But Jesse fought back with such success that his income last year as a lecturer and sports gear salesman was nearly £4,000.

He plans to come to London this year. He still holds world records for the 220 yards (20.3 secs.), 200 metres (20.3 secs.), long jump (26 ft. 8½ ins.), and is joint holder of the 100 yards record (9.4 secs.), and 100 metres (10.2 secs.).

Perfume sales girl to customer: "Just a word of advice—don't use this stuff if you're bluffing."

* * *

Employer to beautiful blonde who has filled in job application: "Miss Jones, under 'Experience' could you be a little more specific than just 'Oh Boy!'?"

VIOLET WAS A TREASURE

SHE is a miracle of form. All other shapes are nature's experiments; but in her perfection is realised, and grace is given flesh and bone.

What else in the world is as soft as her lips are? Whose eyes as tender and whose as willing and whose as loyal?

I am, of course, thinking of Violet, whom I have had for 16 years. She's the best mare I've ever handled.

When I first broke her in, as a two-year-old, she came naturally to her work. She was never clumsy at the end of the furrow; never trod on a plough chain as we turned; her shoulders were always well to her collar, and the other mare in my team went lazy beside her.

It was the same in the shafts. She was what we call a well-mannered mare. She would back at a word. Stand by the hour. A child could manage her—that is the high-praise a man can give a horse.

For years she did all my work. I merely borrowed a neighbour's

mare to team up with her to do all the ploughing and drilling. But Violet harrowed it all. Violet carried it all.

However, when the war came, I was ordered to plough up my so-called meadows; and I knew I could not rely on Violet alone. I bought a tractor. I remember the first day I had it, I got stogged in a ditch. Violet pulled us out with only a snort for a comment. She was, as I say, a well-mannered mare . . .

But even Violet was no match in the long run for the mechanical horse power. I did all my ploughing with the tractor; using Violet only for carting the dung out and carrying the corn in.

And then when I bought a tractor-trailer, Violet's only regular employment was the filling of her own belly. I don't suppose she did a week's work in a year. Certainly not enough to pay for her keep—or mine.

It was not that she wasn't willing. I suppose I should have parted with her then; but though I had the mind to do it, I never had the heart.

Then one day, as I was watching her grazing my best meadow, eating sufficient to keep two cows. I decided the only way I could make Violet pay her way was to breed from her. That's where a horse pays better than a tractor; for what machine can reproduce itself every season? So Violet was led to the stallion; and the following spring was as proud as any brood mare with her leggy foal beside her.

That summer, as I drove my tractor along the lane, I then observed two heads pulling at my meadow grass; but I thought of the foal growing into money and didn't begrudge the feed, for, as I reckoned it, Violet's foal would be worth £60 as a three-year-old and, therefore, I could say the mare was earning £20 a year—if you don't count her feed, which I didn't.

(Continued next Page.)

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And the next year there were three heads pulling at the clover, I had put the nursery rhyme of the nigger boys into reverse.

But that autumn I realised my horse breeding must stop of else I would have had to cut down on my dairy cows—which I couldn't possibly afford to do.

Three months ago I advertised the two foals for sale and halter broke them. I knew the price of horses was down a little, so I didn't ask for more than £40 for the three-year-old and £30 for the two-year-old, which was modest enough for Shire stock. But I didn't get a single inquiry.

Last Wednesday I heard that a newcomer to our district, a Mr. Walker, was buying up horses. I got on the phone to him at once, and began to praise my colts to the skies. He cut me short and just told me to bring 'em along.

I hurried out to the yard, groomed them, plaited their manes and tails with coloured braid, brushed their coats with linseed oil

(so that they would look as if they were fed on corn), then got them shod and polished their hooves with blacklead.

As I led my string along to Mr. Walker's, I felt as proud as an Irishman at a steeplechase. I had my old riding breeches on and wore what was, once upon a time, a stock. I whistled jauntily. All of which, I calculated assists in selling even a good horse.

But Mr. Walker was most uncommunicative for a horse dealer and was not a bit impressed. I trotted my Violets through their paces, but he didn't bother to look. I made them back at a word. He couldn't have cared less. I presented their pedigree—he didn't read it. And then, as a last resort, I lifted up one hoof after another and showed him their clean frogs.

"There isn't a stamp or an itch to them," I boasted. "They'll never go lame on you."

"Wouldn't worry me if they'd only got three legs," he replied rudely.

I began to lead my Violets out of his yard.

"If you want to sell 'em just shove 'em on the scales," he called after me. "They're all beef to me . . ."

I continued to lead my horses out of his yard; and, as we wandered disconsolately home, I passed one of his fields containing about a hundred noble animals; ten have gone from my village this week alone.

—London Evening Standard.

"You're the first girl I've ever kissed," he said, as he shifted gears with his knees.

* * *

POLICE officials could offer no reason for the suicide. The man was not married.

* * *

A CHEETAH has been timed on a dog track at 70 m.p.h., with a short burst of 80 m.p.h.



Scene shows Headquarters of the N.S.W. Education Department with the Department of Mines on the right.

Racing Fixtures

JUNE.

S.T.C. (Moorefield)	SAT. 19
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 26

JULY.

Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 3
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 10
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 17
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 24
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 31

AUGUST.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	MON. 2
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 7
S.T.C. (Moorefield)	SAT. 14
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 21
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 28

SEPTEMBER.

S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 4
Tattersall's Club	SAT. 11
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 18
Hawkesbury Racing Club (Rosehill)	SAT. 25

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 2
Australian Jockey Club	MON. 4
Australian Jockey Club	WED. 6
Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 9
City Tattersall's Club	SAT. 16
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 23
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 30

NOVEMBER.

S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 6
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 13
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 20
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 27

DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 4
S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 11
Australian Jockey Club	SAT. 18
Australian Jockey Club	MON. 27

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BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER TOURNAMENTS TO 4th JUNE, 1948

BILLIARDS.

R. E. Edmondson	Rec. 150	beat	A. R. McCamley	Rec. 90	by	33
Harold Hill	" 100	"	C. E. Young	" 25	"	53
A. J. McGill	" 80	"	T. H. English	" 110	"	30
W. M. Hannan	" 125	"	A. V. Miller	Owes 40	"	67
F. Vockler	Scratch	"	W. Longworth	" 125	"	38
A. B. Browning	Rec. 60	"	H. J. Robertson	" 125	"	35
J. D. Mullan	" 140	"	J. W. Large	Rec. 140	Forfeit	
R. Carter	" 140	"	E. R. Williams	" 90	Forfeit	
J. H. Peoples	" 115	"	A. J. Chown	Owes 40	"	87
N. R. Plomley	" 50	"	K. Ranger	Rec. 80	"	79
J. Malloy	" 50	"	N. Seamonds	" 150	"	36
S. E. Chatterton	" 90	"	H. H. Robinson	" 80	"	90
A. J. Matthews	" 120	"	F. E. Headlam	" 65	Forfeit	
J. I. Armstrong	" 110	"	C. K. MacDonald	" 100	Forfeit	
L. D. Tasker	" 105	"	J. W. Norris	" 100	Forfeit	
E. N. Welch	" 110	"	R. F. Rattray	" 110	"	29
B. M. Dane	" 100	"	W. T. Kerr	" 160	"	26

SNOOKER.

N. R. Plomley	Rec. 35	beat	R. M. Colechin	Rec. 30	by	9
D. Lake	" 40	"	W. G. Harris	" 35	"	16
G. H. Booth	" 50	"	A. J. Matthews	" 50	"	27
P. J. Schwarz	" 40	"	G. Gayleard	" 55	Forfeit	
J. L. McDermott	" 40	"	L. J. Haigh	" 40	"	12
R. Mead	" 45	"	J. A. McClean	" 55	"	10
E. W. Abbott	" 45	"	G. J. C. Moore	" 50	"	23
I. E. Stanford	" 40	"	A. H. Charleston	" 55	"	10
E. R. Purves	" 50	"	J. K. Monro	" 60	Forfeit	
C. S. Brice	" 50	"	W. Hayes	" 50	"	30
C. O. Chambers	" 45	"	W. A. McDonald	" 55	"	9
T. E. Sweet	" 60	"	G. Chiene	" 55	"	23
R. F. Rattray	" 35	"	A. Buck	" 50	Forfeit	
A. M. Cattanaach	" 35	"	I. Silk	" 50	Forfeit	
J. D. Mullan	" 55	"	A. B. Browning	" 60	"	15
C. J. Manning	" 40	"	Guy Crick	" 35	Forfeit	
J. A. Craig	" 45	"	B. M. Lane	" 20	"	20
R. R. Doyle	" 50	"	F. Vockler	" 15	"	15
E. W. Bell	" 60	"	B. M. Norris, Jnr.	" 25	"	29
M. Lloyd Jones	" 35	"	A. A. Ray	" 50	"	14
P. R. Larkin	" 35	"	E. J. Millar	" 45	"	35
J. H. Peoples	" 45	"	A. R. Buckle	" 45	"	14
J. Molloy	" 40	"	John W. Melville	" 55	"	40
A. E. Stutchbury	" 60	"	A. C. Gelling	" 40	"	14
W. G. Marshall	" 50	"	P. E. Smith	" 60	"	23
G. Fienberg	" 25	"	E. N. Welch	" 50	"	25
A. M. Watson	" 40	"	E. H. Booth	" 40	"	27
J. L. Hughes	" 50	"	R. Hutchinson	" 40	"	24
H. R. H. Foley	" 45	"	J. W. Norris	" 40	Forfeit	
T. H. English	" 50	"	F. C. Belot	" 50	Forfeit	
G. D. Tayler	" 60	"	W. R. Dovey	" 50	"	10
J. W. Large	" 50	"	H. G. Parr	" 50	Forfeit	
E. A. Davis	" 20	"	W. R. Laforest	" 35	"	39

JOE DAVIS MAKES BREAK OF 140.

JOE DAVIS made a snooker break of 140 against Walter Donaldson of Glasgow. The world record is 138, held by Davis, but his new figure is subject to official confirmation.

WE'VE almost reached the stage when it's cheaper to put your shirt on a horse than send it to the laundry.

33 WORDS OF ADVICE.

SPEAKING at Oxford at a meeting of the University Cosmos Society on the United Nations Association, Air Vice-Marshal Bennett said:

"I warn you, never be successful; you will suffer enormously. To-day, I have had the proudest honour of my life conferred upon me. I have been sacked for having spoken my own mind."

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This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

Which reminds me, good club men always know a “good thing” and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

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